

## All Ireland Review

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Enda the Monk

Author(s): S. McManus

Source: *All Ireland Review*, Vol. 2, No. 40 (Dec. 7, 1901), pp. 322-323

Published by: All Ireland Review

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/20564773>

Accessed: 20-06-2016 00:01 UTC

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pero's island, may well be called a masque.

["Te phip of Dunboyne" should almost certainly be "the phip of Dunboy," for Dunboyne had no contemporaneous significance, whereas the storming of Dunboy Castle, considered impregnable, was a great and famous event. If we are right, "the phip of Dunboy" originated in the exultation of the Queen's Irish soldiers on that occasion. I have read elsewhere that, after the termination of the war, in which the storming of Dunboy was an incident, the Irish were very popular in London, whither many of them then repaired, probably on invitation, and that Irish airs and Irish dances were for a while all the vogue, for it must always be remembered that if that great Rebellion—Tyrone's Rebellion—was raised by the Irish, it was the Irish who put it down. We hope some Irish scholar will be able to explain for us the meaning of those strange words, "the phip, the fadow, and the fading." The two last may have something to do with fedan, a whistle.—ED. A.I.R.]

#### THE PIPER OF DONACLONEY.

O, did you hear the piper play,  
As he went down the street to-day?  
He played a tune so weird and shrill  
My fluttering heart could not keep still,  
Listening to the piper play,  
Down by Donacloney.

O, did you hear the piper play  
Beside the fire yesterday?  
So low, and sweet, and soothing, yet  
I touched my cheek and it was wet,  
Listening to the piper play  
Down by Donacloney.

O, did you hear the piper play?  
For he has stolen my heart away,  
And day and night I ever hear  
The music sounding in my ear,  
Even in dreams I hear him play  
Down by Donacloney.

If he should ever pass by here  
I'll tell my beads in dread and fear,  
But if he turned and looked at me,  
I'd follow him o'er land and sea,  
Listening to the piper play,  
Piping me to come away,  
Away from Donacloney.

EDITH WHEELER.

#### "THE CELTIC TEMPERAMENT."

This is a volume of very clever and original essays written by Francis Grierson, evidently an Irishman, though he does not say so. Irish Griersons are not few, and whenever met will be found original and self-reliant, people who go their own way and despise the clacking of the tongues of their neighbours. That at least is my experience of the Grierson race as made in Ireland.

The *Daily Express* was founded early in the last century by two Grierson brothers, of whom the late Mr. Hancock gives an interesting account in his "Antiquities of Tallaght." They built the pretty Swiss *chalet* at the upper end of Glennasmole Valley, in the Dublin Mountains, that romantic spot where the Cot, the Slade, and the Dodder Beg come dancing and singing out of the

highlands there and joyfully combine to form the Dodder which we know, little conscious of the inglorious fate which awaits them as they draw near to the capital. Of these brothers one was tall and silent, a sober and exact-minded man of business. The other was stout, gay, and festive. From time to time he would drive a coach up to the *chalet*, packed with jolly companions, and with bugle-blowings and singing, delight the heart of the melancholy mountaineers. The author in his preface supplies us with a very curious bit of autobiography, singularly confiding in parts, and also singularly reticent in others. For example, he tells us much about his interior history and little of his exterior.

"Celtic Temperament" is one of the few books which will be read more than once or twice.

The price, post free, is 3s. 8d., and it may be ordered from the Manager A.I.R.

#### MR. MC'CARTHY'S BOOK.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Let me thank you and Brian Og for having combined to present the public with that young swordsman's most excellent bit of work in a recent A.I.R. He has got to the very heart of the matter on the "priestly dictation" question. It is no business of Protestants to take Roman Catholics under their tutelage and advise and exhort them on subjects like this. We do nothing but harm; and if only we had any real conception of what our history in this country has been, we should see how impertinent and improper our interference in such a matter must appear to the other side.

I cannot agree with you about Mc'Carthy. I tried to read his book and thought it brainless and incoherent, justified mainly by the desire to make a splash.

#### A NORTHERN PROTESTANT.

[DEAR —,—How can you descend into men's hearts and discourse and pronounce upon their motives?

Mr. Mc'Carthy tells us that he is a Roman Catholic devoted to the interests of his Faith, his Church, and its Priesthood, that he considers the influence and authority of the latter in secular affairs to be excessive, and that of the laity dwindled to the point of disappearance, and this state of things is injurious to the interests of the Roman Catholic population in general and to the permanent interests of his church, and his religion, and of the clergy themselves.

May not a man write in support of such a position without being charged with a desire merely to make a splash; that is to say, create a disturbance, make mischief, and attain notoriety?

Then again, you—writing anonymously—describe a book as "brainless and incoherent."

You may be right, but we think you ought to have assumed a public responsibility when criticizing with such severity.

We print the letter as an example of a manner to be avoided.

A. I. R. in future will not permit improper and unworthy motives to be attributed to our writers of books and other public men; and will expect its contributors, when assailing such, to do so over their names.—ED. A.I.R.]

#### ENDA THE MONK.

The spirit of Enda the Monk was vexed, and he laid his pen and the book aside and went out from his cell. He passed through the orchards and fields of the abbey, and climbed the slope to the top of the mound. Beneath him was the sepulchral chamber—older than Emain Macha—of the king who had been drowned in the rapids of the river below. With his eyes on the ground he stood for a time silent and sad. Then falling on his knees he asked for some light to be thrown on the dream that had troubled his soul, and as he prayed there came from the north-west a flock of sea-gulls, piping shrilly, their white breasts glistening in the sunlight. Then Enda, the aged Monk, laid his face on the ground. "Alas, my grief!" he said, "a fearful dark vision was my dream! By what sign shall I know that the full measure of that great calamity shall not fall upon Eire."

He looked up at the crying of the birds and called to them, for that day he had copied into the book how the birds of the *Sidhe* had wailed to St. Patrick, "the help of the Gaels," to give them souls. But the sea-gulls flew on, alighting on the river-bank, and he could read no sign. Then he prayed again, and the birds rose and flew back towards the ocean. So Enda got up, and taking his staff set his face to the west. And in his thoughts he saw before him the high castle on the rock where his soul-friend lived. When he drew near the castle there came up the side of the cliff from the strand a young girl, singing as she came, and he beheld the birds fly over her head, and the wing of one brushed her cheek. So to her he believed would be given the gift to explain his dream; and as she approached he blessed her, for she was the child of his friend, the Ollave of Tirconnell. Then as she gathered up her fair hair, wet from the spray, laughing as she wrung out the salt-water, the Monk told her of his vision, saying that such an one had dreamt it. But she could give him no interpretation, and ran on to tell her father of the coming of Enda.

O'Sgingin, Ollave of Tirconnell, went out to meet him and bring him into the castle of Kilbarron. But the Monk sat on a rock and looked towards the great ocean. "It is vain and a labour that will bring no reward, O friend," he said. "All your learning and your books and your histories. And by the nature of a dream is this sorrow on me. For last night I saw men gathering all the books in Ireland, the genealogies and tales, the prime stories and histories, all the writings that ever were done in this country, and bring them to that mound that stands over the king whose daughter caused the building of Emain Macha. And when all had been gathered, I saw armed men of the Gall toss them with their pikes into the river. And there came other men of the Gall, and what the soldiers had left they swept into a heap and burnt. And their soldiers and priests and men of learning shouted aloud with malignity and triumph, saying, we have destroyed for ever the records of these people; so that their past achievements shall be forgotten. And with that, big gloomy tears fell from my eyes, for I saw the homes of learning broken and their inhabitants scattered and slain."

Then O'Sgingin stood silent for a time.

An old, sonless man he was, with no male of his name to inherit his learning and take up the high, noble position of Ollave of great Tírconnell. So the words weighed on his spirits. He thought of his books, of his wealth, of his castle there on the rock by the ocean, of the powerful chieftain whom he served. And when he had thought twice and thrice of mighty O'Donnell he took courage. "Thou brother of learning," he said, "it is true that he, son of my hopes, Giolla Brighde, fell in battle, and sorrow shut the light from my life for long. And I must die and my books pass into the hands of one not of my blood. But I would argue with you over the matter of your dream. If the Gall be in the south and the east and the west, there are chiefs of the high race of the Gael in the north. O'Donnell and O'Neill and Maguire and MacMahon, and many a far descended prince, bright heroes of Erin, true Cuchulins each, whose swords will keep back the strangers from Ulad. Therefore, Enda of the copyings, work on, for learning shall never cease in Erin, and the ancient books shall be preserved.

But Enda said: "There is fear on my soul, that the day yet waits in the wolf's mouth of the future when the Gall shall over-run the land. And low and low then will be the heads of the high chiefs of the north."

Then O'Sgingin felt his courage wane, for he thought often of his dead son and of the failure of his own hopes, and he did not answer Enda. So the two wearied with many years, sat silent with their faces to the ocean, till the daughter of Kilbarron came by, and the rays of the sunset caught her hair, so that she went down as if crowned with gold to the sands. Then Enda rose and returned to the Abbey of Assaroe, and found one there, a gallant youth who had come from the banks of the Moy, driven out by Clan Burke and Clan Garret from his father's home. Learned was the youth, too, in the Canon and the Civil Law, a poet and scholar. And Enda blessed him, and a peace, he knew not why, came into his heart. So on the morrow he sent for his soul-friend; and the Ollave of Tírconnell led Cormac O'Clery back to Kilbarron.\*

S. McMANUS.

\* From Cormac O'Clery and his wife, the daughter of O'Sgingin, two of the Four Masters were descended.

#### GAELIC CLASS NOTES.

An *Ḍara* Léigean.

An dhara lyayan.

The Second Lesson.

Lá an mairgáir.

Law an warragúee.

[The] Market Day.

Ṭaḡs—*Ḍaít ó Ḍia orit*, a Seumair.

Theyg—Bwall o yeeah urt, a hay-mush.

Timothy—God save you, James (*lit.*, a blessing from God on you, James).

Seumair—*Ḍia agur Muirpe ḡuit*, a Ṭaḡs.

Shaymus—Dyeeah oggus Mwirre yuith, a heyg.

James—God save you kindly, Tim (*lit.*, God and Mary to you, Tim).

Ṭaḡs—*Cia éaoi a ḡruit tú*, a éapa? (Connacht).

Kea hay a will thoo a horra.

Connor a tá tú, a éapa? (Munster).

Kunnus a thaw thoo a horra.

Caróe map tá tú, a éapa? (Meath and Ulster).

Kudhay mor thaw thoo a horra.

How are you, my friend?

Seumair—*Ṭá mé rlan*, go raib maít aṣat.

Thaw may slawn gu rev mah oggath.

Ṭá mé go maít, go raib maít aṣat.

Thaw may gu mah gu rev mah oggath.

I am well, thank you.

Cia éaoi a ḡruit tú fém?

Kea hay a will thoo fane.

Connor a tá tú fém?

Kunnus a thaw thoo fane.

How are you yourself?

Ṭaḡs—*Ṭá mé go láirip*, burdeacat teat.

Thaw may gu lawdyir bwecahas lyath.

I feel strong, thank you.

Caróe an rgeut a tá aṣat?

Kudhay an shkayul a thaw oggath.

What news have you?

Ní'l rgeut an bit aṣam, aṣt ir raon go teór é an mapṣar a tá aṣam in-ḡu.

Nyeel shkayul ar bih oggum, ahth iss sayr gu lyore an morragoo a thaw oggin inyo.

I have not any news, except [that] it is a cheap market we have to-day.

Seumair—*Ir fion ḡuit an rgeut rin.*

Is feer yuth an shkayal shin.

It is a true story for you.

Ní'l tuac maít an puo an bit a beipmíto cum an mapṣar.

Nyeel looah mah er rudh er bih a verimeed hum an warragúee.

There is no price at all on anything we take (*lit.*, bring) to the market.

Ṭaḡs—*Ir otc é an puo rin.*

Iss ulk ay an rudh shin.

That is a bad thing (*lit.*, it is bad that thing).

Aṣt béro breac an pór le congnam Dé.

Ahth beye bishyah er fos lye kunnoo dyay.

But there will be an improvement on it yet with the help of God.

Seumair—*Stán teat anoir.*

Slawn lyath anish.

Good-bye now.

Ṭaḡs—*Go n-éipṣiró áo teat.*

Gu nayreeyee aw lyath.

May good luck attend you.

#### NOTES.

*Ḍara*, second; *mapṣar*, *gen.* of *mapṣar*, *mas.*, a market; *Ṭaḡs*, Timothy; *baít*, *fem.*, a blessing; *Seumair*, *voc.* of *Seumair*, James; *Muirpe*, Mary, *i.e.*, the Blessed Virgin—*an Óis Deannuigte* (an owig vannueehce). This phrase is always Englished, "God save you kindly"—there being no corresponding phrase in the English language to translate it more literally. *Cia éaoi*, what way; *a éapa*, my friend, *voc.*; *connor*, how (*lit.*, what way); *caróe map*, how (used in Meath and Ulster); *rlán*, in good health; *burdeacat*, thanks; *láirip*, strong; *rgeut*, a story, news; *raon*, cheap; *tuac*, a price; *an bit*, at all; *a beipmíto*, which we-bring; *cum*, *gov. gen.*; *otc*, bad; *an puo rin*, that thing; *breac*, improvement; *rlán teat*, good-bye; *go n-éipṣiró áo teat*, that good-luck may arise with you.

In the next number I expect to write some notes on the dual number in Irish.

P. K.

#### THE EARLY IRISH KINGS.

It is likely that the Editor of the "A.I.R." or some of his learned readers, may be able to throw light upon a problem suggested by an account which the Four Masters give of the succession of the earlier Irish kings. Almost every one of these is stated to be slain by his successor, who, in a great number of cases, is the son, or near kinsman, of the victim's predecessor, slain in like manner, and so on. Does not this suggest a period when the kingship was vested in two royal families, as in Sparta, reigning, however, turn about, and not simultaneously? If, at the very dawn of the historical period, there remained some tradition of the existence of such a custom, all details being lost, it would seem to the earliest "rationalisers" of tradition a natural explanation of an alternate succession that the king for the time being of each family was killed by a member of another in consequence of a hereditary blood-feud. No doubt there was a deal of killing toward in those pre or proto-historic times, but it is wholly incredible that all, or nearly all, of the early monarchs were killed by violence of any kind, let alone a system of such pendulum-like regularity as that presented by the Four Masters.

This conjecture receives a certain amount of confirmation from the several cases recorded in Irish history, or tradition, of kings or queens reigning turn about for a term of years.

Such a course of succession might have been devised in order to avoid such a partition of the kingdom between rival claimants as took place at several other periods. Or it may have been worked as a system of Tanistry; or have been intended to fulfil the object of Tanistry, by settling the succession, and preventing long minorities.

C.S.B.

[DEAR C.S.B.—I am myself quite convinced that this long succession of kings, who slew and succeeded each other with such pendulum-like regularity is quite unhistorical. When you have opportunity read the Red Branch Cycle, the heroes of which flourished about the time of our Lord. You will find that these heroes were closely akin to the gods, and will thence infer the incredibility of an alleged succession of mundane kings reaching back for nigh a thousand years beyond the time of our demi-gods!

I thought like you once, and, curiously enough, it was the discovery of this amazing succession in "O'Halloran's History of Ireland," and by him set out there with a captivating plausibility and verisimilitude, that first directed my attention to Irish history. It was enough to startle one who was never taught that there was any Irish History at all, to learn suddenly, for the first time, that we had chronicles of our own reaching into the past, to a time a thousand years anterior to the Nativity.

Then I had to find out everything for myself, even that the Tuatha De Danan were the gods.

I must ask M.M. to explain how all these kings originated and whence they came. I think myself they were topical gods and heroes for whom it was felt to be necessary to provide room somewhere in the great Gallery.—Ed. A.I.R.]